

THE BLUE DRESS

An adapted screenplay written by
Daniel "The Wig Man" Vovak,
and Dave Clark,
inspired by the Starr Report

TheBlueDressTheMovie.com

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ACT ONE

THE BLUE DRESS

FADE IN.

EXT. LAWN — DAY.

During a rainy night in July 1995, a helicopter descends towards a wide image of the White House as music about loneliness plays. (Song: 1:30.)

Insert:

July 1995.
Washington, D.C.
President Bill Clinton.
Codename: Elvis.

President BILL CLINTON, 49, looks out the window of the helicopter without anyone else in the SHOT. Bill feels frustrated and lonely, even though he is the most powerful man on the planet.

As it rains, SECRET PALMER speaks into a microphone on his lapel. He stands next to SECRET STEVENS.

SECRET PALMER.
Elvis has landed.

INT. WHITE HOUSE BOWLING ALLEY - LATER.

In a single bowling lane, Bill bowls, knocking down nine of ten pins.

PETER, a butler, enters.

PETER.
What would you like to eat,
Mister President?

BILL.
I don't know. . . . How about
the usual, Peter?

PETER.
With cheese fries, sir?

BILL.
That works for me.

PETER.
In which room, sir?

BILL.
Ah, the Music Room.

Peter nods, grinning.

INT. JACK FORD ROOM & VARIOUS – LATER.

Wearing a heavy white robe and slippers,

Bill reaches for his saxophone.

Peter enters the stoic room,

carrying a hot dog,

cheese fries,

and a tall glass of beer on a silver platter.

He places it on a cheap wooden table.

PETER.
Bon appetite, sir.

BILL.
Good night, Peter.

Bill uses a remote control to turn on a stereo

which loudly plays a song

through stereo speakers

throughout the White House.

He puts on his sunglasses,

then adlibs with his sax to the music.

(Song: 2:30.)

Peter jams in the Center Hall on the ground floor.

CUT to Bill, who plays his sax.

SOCKS, a cat, wags his tail.

Outside the room,

Secret Palmer,

hidden behind a large plant,

somberly jams to the music.

CUT to Bill, who plays his sax.

Secret Stevens, previously hidden, jams.

On the roof, dressed in black,

SHARPSHOOTER DUNLAP jams with his gun,

which he uses as a guitar.

CUT to Bill playing his sax.

Working late, YORGOS, 30s,

clicks off his speaker in his office.

CUT to Bill, who plays his sax.

In the Northwest Gate, SECRET SKI jams.

FADE OUT on Bill.

INT. CENTRAL HALLWAY – MOMENTS LATER.

Still wearing his robe, Bill somberly walks towards RUTH (80s) who sits at a small wooden desk and reads a romance novel. When she sees Bill, she stands, leaning on a cane.

BILL.
Good evening, Ruth.

RUTH.
Good evening, Mister President.
. . . Don't worry, sir. I
turned off the speakers in the
bedroom so she could get some
sleep.

BILL.
Oh yeah, I keep forgettin'
about that. . . . You got a new
plant there, huh?

RUTH.
Yes, sir. It's a mimosa pudica.
Watch!

She touches the plant, which moves in an unusual way, resisting her touch.

BILL.
Well, gee wiz, would you look
at that! It gives you a little
action up here.

She chuckles, shaking her head.

RUTH.
It does keep me company. It's a
lonely job but somebody has to
do it.

Bill exits into the bedroom. She immediately grabs her pen and proudly records the time, her official responsibility.

INT. PRESIDENT'S BEDROOM – CONTINUOUS.

Still wearing his robe, Bill enters,
and sits upright in his king bed, against the backboard.

THE FIRST LADY lays in the bed, slumbering, and mostly hidden, with perfect hair.

Hearing him, she defiantly turns over, rejecting him with silence. She scoots to her side of the bed as Bill lays on the other, creating an immense gap.

Bill reaches for a Bible that is on his nightstand. He randomly opens it to St. John 14:18, which he touches with his index finger.

BILL (NARRATING).
I will not leave you
comfortless: I will come to
you.

Bill gazes at The First Lady. He utters, shaking his head.

BILL (CONTINUED).
Na.

INT. WHITE HOUSE CAFETERIA – DAY.

CLOSE UP on of MONICA, 22, who joins NICOLE, TRISH, and LAUREN, all preppy women sitting around a circular table, nervously waiting to receive their assignments as unpaid interns. Two tables of other interns CHATTER in the BACKGROUND over lunches with cafeteria slop on plastic trays.

NICOLE.
(with Southern accent)
I can't believe how cheesy this
place is. Just look at those
hideous drapes and that ugly
nineteen-- ah, fifties style
furniture.

TRISH.
You mean more like eight-teen
fifties.

They all laugh, snootily.

LAUREN.
You would have thought the
White House would have been a
little classier than this.

MONICA.
It looks like my mother's old
house before the real estate
agent told her to enter the
Twentieth Century.

They all giggle, sheepishly.

TRISH.
(to Nicole)
What's your degree in?

NICOLE.
Political science. How about
you?

TRISH.
Politics.

LAUREN.
Mine's in international
politics.
(to Monica)
How about you?

MONICA.
Psychology.

ALL (BUT MONICA).
(surprised)
Oh.

MONICA.
As far as I'm concerned, if you
have a degree in psychology you
can make it in politics.

LAUREN.
You've got a lot to learn,
girl.

FACILITATOR (O.S.).
Okay, everyone. It's time we
review our assignments.

LATER.

As if in a wonderland, all the interns walk through the doorway, each proudly wearing his or her pink pass and re-evaluating his or her sheet of paper.

Monica stands in a line waiting to walk out the door.

She sighs, as the gravity of this new, important job now dawns on her. ZOOM IN on her piece of paper, which she holds, which contains a photograph of LEO LOMBARDI (60s).

Insert:

Assignment: Room 93 of the Old
Executive Office Building.
White House Chief of Staff. Leo
Lombardi.

EXT. LAWN — DAY.

A crowd CHATTERS in an elaborate arrival ceremony of South Korean President KIM DAE-JUNG. Monica stands next to MARCIA (50s and Monica's mother) behind gold ropes in a special section.

Secret Palmer looks at Monica, who is attractive due to her elaborate wide-brimmed straw hat and filmy sundress. IZZY (an observant reporter in his 50s) stands next to him.

Suddenly, the public-address system comes to life.

PUBLIC ADDRESS VOICE (O.S.).
Ladies and gentlemen . . . the
President of the United States
accompanied by the First Lady
and South Korean President Kim
Dae-Jung.

'Hail to the Chief' plays as Bill and The First Lady happily stand on stage, lovingly holding hands, then lightly kissing each other. (Song: Complete.)

BILL.
Thank you.

THE FIRST LADY (V.O.).
Thank you.

Monica breathes fast.

MONICA.
(lying)
Mom, Mom! He looked at me!!

Marcia lightly slaps at her, drawing the attention of Secret Palmer, whose head turns, causing Izzy's head to also turn towards the situation.

MARCIA.
(not believing her)
No he didn't. Now you behave.

MONICA.
Mom, don't be a buzzkill!

MARCIA.
Now you listen to me, Monica.
Find a single man this time.

EXTREME CLOSE UP of Marcia's mouth

MARCIA (CONTINUED).
And don't blow it!!

INT. WATERGATE APARTMENT — NIGHT.

Monica eats and talks on a landline phone with LEXI, 20s.
It is a SPLIT SCREEN.

MONICA (ON PHONE).

(lying)
Even 'my mother' saw the
connection between us.

LEXI (ON PHONE).

That's like so awesome!
'That's' the Monica I knew back
in Beverly Hills. You were
straight-gangster-mac, girl!

MONICA (ON PHONE).

It's, it's a little different
here, Lexi. He 'is' the
President.

LEXI (ON PHONE).

Fine. I bet that you can't--

MONICA (ON PHONE).

Look! This job is going to lead
to 'amazing' opportunities for
me. I can't do 'anything'
wrong.